



# THE LIBERATOR.

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WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON AND ISAAC KNAPP, PUBLISHERS.

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OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN, ALL MANKIND.

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WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

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THE LIBERATOR.

[From the Genius of Temperance.]

LETTER FROM DR. MACK.

We recommend to our readers, and especially to editors of religious newspapers, a careful perusal of the following. They may be assured that it expresses a feeling by no means peculiar to the individual writer.

Northern Pennsylvania, Oct. 7, 1833.

Mr. GOODELL.—I have tried to excuse myself this communication. But 'the voice of my brother's blood cries from the ground,' and compels me to express to you, by this opportunity, the satisfaction, yea, the heartfelt joy which I experience, from the course pursued by your 'Genius';—not only in regard to temperance and morals in general, but especially in respect to the subject of slavery.

I am glad to see this subject become a primary object of your paper; because it hinders not that paper from being quite as efficient as an advocate of temperance and the other virtues, and because it is truly needed in the field, where the spirit of emancipation, under almost every discouragement but the rectitude of her cause, is struggling against the thickly arrayed powers of tyranny, of worldly inter-

est, of popularity, of human expediency, and of spiritual wickedness in high places. Yes, your paper is needed—it is needed, to aroise us from that stupidity to which we are so prone—it is needed to shed the light of moral truth upon our minds, dark by nature, darker by evil practice and evil maxims—it is needed to counteract the poison which is emitted by a thousand infidel presses—infidel presses!—it is more needed to counteract the influence of the SLAVERY influence of the RELIGIOUS (?) PRESSES!!

Sir, since recently awaking, more fully than heretofore, to the cause of human liberty, I am astonished to find the people of *this part of this State*, so generally in favor of slavery, of slavery AS IT IS. But my wonder, as respects our citizens, in a measure ceases, since I hear them quoting the religious—not christian, in this respect—papers of our city and elsewhere.\* Dear sir, will you assure the editors of those papers that their labors against emancipation are not in vain? Tell them that their readers, the christian community, from whom suffering humanity most reasonably looks for aid, are convinced from the reasonings of their editors—spiritual guides!—('if the blind lead the blind')—that slavery in the abstract is a bad thing—that is, they are convinced that slavery, as it is not, is evil; but slavery, as it is, is good. For their encouragement, remind them, that each rising sun which lights them to the selection and penning of arguments against emancipation, lights millions of their groaning brethren to their sufferings, in the field of toil and sweat, and scourging and bloodshed. Remind them, dear sir, that every day which brings to them and us so many comforts, brings to the millions of bondmen another day of bondage, and brings into an existence of bondage THOUSANDS more of our brethren—while, perhaps, by our efforts against emancipation, one slave may each day be colonized. Remind those editors, that if they succeed in their efforts against the spirit of emancipation, they will succeed in keeping the present millions of enslaved in that brutalized state which they make the chief argument, as I suppose, against their emancipation; and that on millions after millions yet unborn, their efforts may work their influence, and be successful in quenching the light of reason, in obliterating, as far as may be, the properties of the human soul, and in keeping them from 'coming to Him, who came a light into the world, that whosoever believeth in him may not abide in darkness, but have the light of life.'

Now I would ask, if it is our duty to keep what is sometimes called *temper*, in view of the stupid, anti-christian course of so many of those who, directing the energies of the religious press, lead the mind of the christian community to espouse the cause of hell—yes, the blackest cause of hell! Professed ministers of Christ 'in palaces,' straining their *low* thought to invent unreal—difficulties in the way of the salvation of their suffering fellow-men from the body and soul destroying influence of slavery! Sir, I feel as though these characters should not be spared, and if I possessed an organ by which I could speak to the world, I would 'cry aloud and spare not.' No! let the man's standing be what it may, it should not shield him from that exposure which a professed follower of Jesus, compromising with the spirit of this world, so justly merits, and which humanity so loudly calls for. And I would say to him, 'thou art the man!'—and to the public, behold the man who would serve both God and mammon—the man who on mammon's altar offers up the liberty, happiness, lives and souls of his brethren. Yes, I would tell his name, and he should stand confessed as either too stupid to discern the plainest principles of moral right, as the hired 'apostol for sin' who thinks and teaches that *our EXPEDIENCE* had better be observed than God's LAW, or as the black-hearted fiend who loved to fatten on the blood and tears of his own species. Sir, I see no excuse for any man, at present, in not advocating immediate emancipation. And I have not—I desire not cool blood to treat with religious editors who are against it, either by open opposition or by neutrality—if such a thing as neutrality be possible. I see no place to stop—the voice of blood cries—my brother's blood cries, and indignant feelings glow with increased warmth. But they have met with kindred feelings in the bosom I address—and with him, I for the present leave the subject, having already said some things I never thought of, before commencing this communication.

Respectfully, E. MACK.

Plainsville, Luzerne Co. Pa.

\*Some exceptions deserve grateful notice.—ED.

Some of the infidel prints, in this city, we understand are busily engaged in proving to their readers that the 'fanatical' doctrines of the Abolitionists are identical with the evangelical doctrines of Christianity.—Success to them. Their task is an easy one; and will accomplish more good than they intend. They will open the eyes of christians.—Christians will break the fetters of the slave, and to the utmost of my humble abilities, your visit to England; not so much for the purpose of soliciting money forever.—Amen.—Emancipator.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

London, Sept. —, 1833.

MY DEAR GARRISON:

You will readily allow, after the experience you have lately had in this country, that Englishmen are skilful adepts in the art of taxation. The fact is, it is bred in our bone; and we should as soon think of ceasing to be, as to cease taxing and being taxed. In conformity, then, with constitutional habits, it is my intention to levy a tax on you, nor shall the broad waters of the Atlantic, nor your republican institutions, nor your anti-taxation propensities, avail you against the payment in full of all my demands. Be it known, then, by these Presents, and for the reasons which hereafter follow, that henceforth you are declared liable, and you are to consider yourself liable, to such demands on your time and patience, as we, the people of England may think fit to advance. My first levy will be for ten minutes' patience. The reasons for this you will please reduce to form from the following statement. On Friday, the 23d inst. I was in the good city of Ipswich, and was invited to spend the evening with a party of christian Friends, most if not all of whom were favorable to Elliot Cresson and his schemes. The Patriot newspaper was in the hands of one gentleman, containing Cresson's replies to your queries, and his answers appeared to be generally satisfactory to those who were present. Without knowing what were my opinions, I was asked by him what I thought of the American Colonization Society? My answer was prompt, and to the effect that it was one of the most infamous and iniquitous institutions ever raised to perpetuate one of the worst evils which ever afflicted the human race—SLAVERY: that some of the leading abolitionists of this country having now discovered its true character and tendency, had solemnly protested against it; and that every possible effort should consequently be made by the friends of humanity and religion here, to stay its progress, and to neutralize the efforts of its agent. I then entered into a few details, and recommended your reply to Cresson's Jesuitical statements. The discussion led to favorable results, and had scarcely been finished, when a gentleman, one of E. Cresson's most active Committee men, joined us, and pulling a letter out of his pocket, said, I have received this from our friend Cresson; he is at Bury St. Edmund's, and wishes a conveyance to be sent thither for him; he is getting on well; he wishes when here to have a public meeting, and says that he intends after that to leave in a few days for the United States. This gentleman was then let into the secret that I had been opposing his hero, and, of course, I had then to discuss matters with him. I had, however, little difficulty with this worthy man, who, after expressing his astonishment at some of my statements, appeared to regret that he had eve contributed any thing towards the American slavery perpetuation Society. The next stage in our evening's engagements brought us another communication from E. Cresson! In his impatience to enjoy the society of his good friends and coadjutors in Norwich, he had hastened forward that day, and was then at the Angel Hotel, anxiously expecting his friends, with whom he had before been in communion, to welcome him. Before that gentleman left, I urged him the importance of holding the public meeting, engaging myself to be present at it, without cost to the Norwich Friends, in order that I might have an opportunity of refuting the pretensions and mis-statements of Cresson. He, however, thought it would be inconvenient, if not impossible, to do so. Several gentlemen of the party then requested him to present their respects to E. C. and request that he would favor them with his company during the remainder of the evening, when we could fairly discuss points of difference, to which I added my great desire for the interview, but although we waited until near midnight, he did not come; and from my not having received any advice of the public meeting having been held for the avowed last public effort of that individual in this country, I suppose he was again governed by his friends, and sheltered himself under the unmanly, unworthy and ridiculous pretext, that 'they would not let him.' I left all the Tracts I had with my Norwich friends, among whom we shall henceforth have some who will exert themselves in the cause of outraged humanity and insulted religion.

I have heard that E. Cresson still lingers on our shores—that he has been in London within these last few days—but the particulars of his movements will be given you hereafter.

My dear Garrison, go on in your work of Faith and labor of Love—and though you have arrayed against you the great and the mighty, their influence and their gold—though you have to stem a torrent more overwhelming than Niagara—though you have to contend with Prejudice, that fiend of monstrous birth—whose home is Hell—whose tender mercies are cruel—and whose history is one of oppression and crime,—tears and blood and murder—in dependence on Him who is wise in counsel and excellent in working, you shall achieve the object you have in view amidst the congratulations of the wise, humane and good—and the gratitude and love of the suffering and oppressed.

Yours affectionately,

[For the Liberator.]

MR. GARRISON.—Allow me to congratulate you upon your safe return to the editorial chair, not because it has not been well filled in your absence; on the contrary, it has been sustained with ability, a devotion, and a sincerity, highly creditable to the worthy gentleman, whoever he may be; for the truth of which I appeal to the extension of the cause of freedom in this country.

Sir, the joy of your successful mission to me is twofold. Having been among those who advocated, to the utmost of my humble abilities, your visit to England; not so much for the purpose of soliciting money

from the British people for the objects specified in yourselves, or quail at the impotent abuse of the interested and designing. The shafts of the enemy fall harmless at our feet. Covered by the shield of innocence, and armed with the panoply of gospel truth and republican justice, and feeling the consciousness of inward peace in the performance of an imperious duty, we fear nothing for ourselves. But we fear for our country. We hear the distant murmurings of Divine displeasure, at the accumulated wrongs which the American people are heaping upon the descendants of Africa. We see the sombre clouds of his indignation ready to burst upon us. We feel the deliberate conviction that the justice of heaven will not sleep for ever; and that the day of retribution and righteous inquisition for the innocent blood we have caused to be shed, is drawing near. And yet when the warning voice is raised, when the people are called upon to beware of the dangers which threaten them, and the means of averting the judgments which are hanging over the country are pointed out, the hue and cry is raised against the messengers of good to the nation, and they are stigmatized as 'FANATICS and INCENDIARIES.'

But let 'the wicked rage, and the heathen imagine vain things,' it shall not divert us from our purpose. Our duty is imperative. Our country may yet be saved. The remedy for the evils which threaten us is easy and simple. It consists in doing justly and loving mercy. It is for this we plead. It is for this we will continue to labor. And whether our countrymen will receive or reject our council, it is this only that can save us from the evil to come. It is this only that can avert the impending judgments of heaven, preserve unimpaired the blessings we enjoy, and secure the harmony and union of the States.

STUART'S LETTER.

It is hardly necessary for us to call the attention of our readers to this production, which we have taken from the columns of the Liberator. The name of CHARLES STUART has become so intimately associated with the cause of philanthropy, both in Europe and America, that the productions of his pen are sought after by the friends of humanity, with feelings of no ordinary interest.

The letter which we copy to-day is *full of truth, and so spirit stirring*, in every sentence, that whoever can read it with indifference, must be considered as devoid of patriotism, natural affection, and moral principle. It is a matter of gratulation to the 'friends of the black man,' in this country, that the cause has so many kindred spirits in Old England; and especially, that the sternness of moral honesty reigns in so many hearts, that the false pretensions, dissimulation, and base fabrications of leading Colonizationists are at once detected and exposed. How the advocates of Colonization can flatter themselves, that their utopian enterprise will succeed, or that they shall convince the incredulous, that their scheme is sound and philanthropic, while at the same time, they resort to sophistry and misrepresentation for its support, is, to us, wholly unaccountable. We are not among those, who hold to the 'Godwin principle,' that the *end sanctifies and justifies the means*; and those who adopt manifestly wicked measures to further their own schemes, afford convincing proof, that they are engaged in a bad cause.

When, however, we speak of Colonizationists, let us not, by any means, be understood as impugning the motives of all who are ranked among the advocates of that system. No; there are still honest men among Colonizationists, as well as among Abolitionists; and *honest* men will yet be convinced, and constrained to take right ground. Such men, in numerous instances have already practically evinced the verity of this sentiment. The eyes of others are yet to be opened; and others still are yet to view things as they are, who now 'see men as trees walking.' But, when we use the language of crimination, we wish to apply it to those only, who are obstinately ignorant, or else act in opposition to their own convictions of truth and duty; and there is no one but what *knows better*, than to make such false and groundless representations as are exposed and contradicted in Charles Stuart's Communication to Arthur Tappan.—N. E. Telegraph.

[From Pouson's American Daily Advertiser.]

MR. POULSON.—Will some of your correspondents be good enough to inform a friend of Abolition of Slavery, whether a law was not passed some years since in Louisiana, making it penal to remove slaves from other states, for the purpose of selling them within its territory; and likewise if it has been repealed or suspended. An important matter, now on the carpet in another state, demands the information, and if the fact is, as I apprehend, much good can be effected by its promulgation. Many desperadoes are now engaged, I understand, purchasing negroes in Virginia, with a view of making a large profit in New-Orleans. An immediate answer, from some gentleman familiar with the laws of the State referred to, will be gratefully appreciated.

CLARKSON.

A remarkable omission.—The published reports of the Colonization meeting, omit some of the most important sentiments contained in the speeches; as, for instance, the declaration of Mr. Frelinghuysen that 'nine tenths of the horrors of slavery are mere imaginary evils.' Why this omission? If the statement be a good one, why not publish it? If a bad one, why not retract it? Why give a story at the meeting which it would not do to record in black and white? Is it proper to raise money from 'many Southerners,' for the Colonization Society, by a public speech so much in the nature of an apology for slavery, that it would not do to let it go before the eyes of our unsophisticated fellow citizens of the *northern interior*?—Gen. of Temperance.

BOSTON,

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1833.

## Great Anti-Colonization Meeting in Exeter Hall, London.

A public meeting was held at Exeter Hall, Strand, on Saturday, July 13, 1833, for the purpose of exposing the real character and objects of the American Colonization Society. JAMES CROPPER, Esq. in the Chair.

The CHAIRMAN commenced the business by remarking:

The object of the present meeting is to give an exposition of the real character and design of the American Colonization Society. WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, the representative of the New-England Anti-Slavery Society, will address the meeting, and furnish it with information on the subject. He is a man very highly recommended and esteemed by the respectable part of the community in his own country, and is devoting the whole of his time to the great object of effecting the emancipation of the American slaves.

It is probably well known to the majority of the meeting, that an agent of the American Colonization Society has been collecting money in this country, which money he has obtained by declaring that its great object was THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY—the ultimate extinction of Slavery in the United States, and the civilization of Africa.

Now, notwithstanding these misrepresentations have been exposed, within a very short period, a meeting has been held by this individual, in which he has had the countenance of one of the blood royal; and it therefore becomes necessary to take a more public method of exposing the fallacy of his statements.

The American Colonization Society was avowedly established with the single object of colonizing the free people of color in Africa, or such other place as Congress might direct. It is, therefore, not confined in sending them to Africa, in order that they may civilize those regions, (and with their own consent, as it proposed to do,) but, on the contrary, they are to be sent to such other place as Congress may direct. Nor is its object the abolition of slavery; for Mr. Randolph, in a speech which he delivered at its formation, said—‘So far from being connected with the abolition of slavery, it would prove one of the greatest securities to enable the master to keep in possession his own property.’

Now, those who are acquainted with the nature of slavery, know that it can exist only where men are scarce, and where land is plentiful. As the population of any country multiplies, it will be utterly impossible to continue slavery. It is not necessary for me to state here, that, in this country, even if the law permitted it, slavery could not exist. We know that in many cases, parishes in this country are paying considerable sums, in order to send away the population. Now, if the people are of no saleable value, but, on the contrary, the country will give sums of money to get quit of them, slavery cannot exist. An increase of slave population, or any article of general consumption, will lessen its value; and in the case of slaves, it will depreciate them till they are worth nothing.

It was, therefore, in the contemplation of the arrival of this state of things in America, that the slave-owners there became alarmed. They saw the rapid increase of the American slave population; they saw that in South America, the same circumstance was producing the effect which the benevolent Creator intended it should—namely, that it should bring slavery to its natural death; and they perceived that a similar result would be brought about in North America. But to prevent the benevolent ordination of Heaven from taking effect, (and which some of the speakers connected with the Colonization Society, have called ‘a deplorable catastrophe,’) to prevent the emancipation of the slaves, and their consequent incorporation with the general body of the community, the impious contrivers of the Colonization scheme had brought their plans into operation, and, in the language of one of the Society’s distinguished supporters, they have ‘opened a drain to take off the excess of increase beyond the occasion of profitable employment.’ What can this language mean? To take from a country a hundredth part of its population, because they cannot find them profitable employment, would be perfectly ridiculous. It is quite true, that they cannot find profitable employment for their slaves; but it is equally true, that if they were increased a hundred fold, they would find profitable employment for themselves as free men.

It is known to most persons present, that the enactments against emancipation, and against every sort of instruction and improvement of the slaves, are more severe in the United States than in any other country whatever. And what, I would ask, has the American Colonization Society done to remove these laws? Nothing, nothing whatever! To talk about civilizing Africa, while they do not attempt to improve the condition of the slaves at home, is a perfect absurdity. If they had ever intended to effect the emancipation of the slaves, they would have led the way by preparing them for the enjoyment of freedom.

In Louisiana, the punishment of death is annexed to the attempt to instruct and improve the slave population. (Hear, hear.) Are these the people, who are looking to emancipation as their ultimate object? Far from it!

Let us see the effect which the Society has produced. In the year 1790, there were 59,000 free blacks in America. Emancipation was then going on with considerable rapidity, and feelings were cherished then, similar to those entertained in South America, and various other places; so that in 1810, the number had augmented to 186,000. Had emancipation got on in the same ratio, the ensuing 20 years, there ought to have been 584,000 free blacks; but when the census of 1830 was made up, we found the number to be only 319,000; and, consequently, owing to some change of feeling in America, there are 265,000 negroes now left in slavery, who would otherwise have been set free. Now it is a singular fact, that during the last 20 years, the American Colonization Society has been in operation.

So far from the Society having endeavored to remove the prejudice which exists against

the free people of color, it has done every thing it could to strengthen it; for it has said that nothing could cure it—that even religion itself could not overcome it. We may therefore reasonably say, that instead of its pursuing the objects it is represented to have in view,—instead of its seeking the abolition of slavery,—it has been a very important means of holding 265,000 of our fellow beings in bondage, who might otherwise have been free.

The CHAIRMAN concluded by reading the following letter from THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, Esq. to Mr. GARRISON, apologizing for his absence:

54, DEVONSHIRE-STREET, July 12, 1833.

MY DEAR SIR.—I must trouble you with a line to excuse my non-appearance at the meeting to-morrow. The fact is, critical as has been the state of our great question often before, perhaps never was it so critical as now. My mind is intensely occupied, and every moment of my time so full, that I should be sacrificing my duty to this paramount object if I allowed anything else, however pressing and interesting, to divert me from it at this, the crisis of its fate. But you know my complete unity in the objects of your meeting, to which I most cordially wish all success. My views of the Colonization Society you are aware of. They do not fall far short of those expressed by my friend Mr. Cropper, when he termed its object *diabolical*. Nor will you doubt my concurrence in the efforts of the New-England Anti-Slavery Society, or any Anti-Slavery Society in the world.

Wishing you, therefore, all success, and entreating you to tell your countrymen, on your return, that we in England are all for the Anti-Slavery, not for the Colonization people, I am, my dear sir, with real esteem, Yours respectfully, T. F. BUXTON.

GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq. in announcing Mr. GARRISON to the meeting, said—Will you permit me to say that Mr. GARRISON is the accredited Agent of the New-England Anti-Slavery Society, an infant association formed for the entire extinction of slavery throughout the United States? He is a delegate from that Society to England, for the purpose of holding communication with the leading abolitionists of our own country. It is hoped that when we have witnessed the extinction of the last vestige of slavery in our own Colonies, England will not be reluctant in co-operating with the inhabitants of America in promoting the great cause of universal emancipation.

Mr. GARRISON then stood forward, and was received with loud applause. He spoke as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN—It is long since I sacrificed all my national, complexional and local prejudices upon the altar of Christian love, and breaking down the narrow boundaries of a self-patriotism, inscribed upon my banner this motto:—*My country is the world; my countrymen are all mankind.* (Cheers.) It is true, in a geographical sense, I am now in foreign territory; but still it is a part of my country. I am in the midst of strangers; but still surrounded by my countrymen. There must be limits to civil governments and national domains. There must be names to distinguish the natural divisions of the earth, and the dwellers thereon. There must be varieties in the form, color, stature, and condition of mankind. All these may exist, not only without injury, but with the highest possible advantage. But whenever they are made the boundaries of human disinterestedness, friendship, sympathy, honor, patriotism and love, they are as execrable and destructive, as, otherwise, they are beautiful and preservative.

Nowhere, I am certain, will a more united response be given to these sentiments, than in this Hall, and by those who are assembled on the present occasion. (Hear.) What exclamation have you put into the mouth of the African captive, kneeling in his chains with his face turned imploringly heavenward? It is this—the most touching, the most irresistible: ‘Am I NOT A MAN AND A BROTHER?’ Yes! though black as murky night—though born on a distant shore—though degraded, miserable and enslaved—though ranked among the beasts of the field—still, ‘A MAN AND A BROTHER!’ (Cheers.) Noblest device of humanity!

Wherever, in all time, a human being pines in personal thralldom, the tones of that talismanic appeal uttered by him shall be swiftly borne by the winds of heaven over the whole earth, and stir up the humane, the brave, the honorable, the good, for his rescue; for the strife of freedom is no longer local, but blows now struck for the redemption of the world. And glorious is the prospect before us. Wherever we turn our eyes, we see the earth quaking, and hear thunders uttering their voices. The GENIUS OF EMANCIPATION is visible in every clime, and at its trumpet-call the dead slaves of all nations are starting into life, shaking off the dust of the tomb, and presenting an immortal beauty through the power of a mighty resurrection. (Applause.)

Sir, I have crossed the Atlantic on an errand of mercy, to plead for perishing millions, and to discharge, in behalf of the abolitionists of the United States, a high moral obligation which is due to the British public. It would neither be modest nor proper for me, on this occasion, to make a parade of the sacrifices of time, of money, of health, or of labor, I have made—nor of the perils I have risked, or the persecution encountered, or the sufferings endured, since I first stood forth as the advocate of my enslaved countrymen,—not to banish them from their native land, nor to contend for their emancipation by a slow, imperceptible process, ‘half way between now and never’—but to demand their instant emancipation, and their recognition as brethren and countrymen. (Cheers.)

I shall make no such lachrymial display of my losses and crosses in this holy cause; although, perhaps, I could give as long a list, and summon as many witnesses, and present as strong claims upon your sympathy and regard, as the agent of the American negro shippers in this country; for I know that in all things I come short, and I pour contempt upon all that I have endured for righteousness’ sake. Whatever may have been the trials and dangers experienced by that agent, they are such only as attend a popular cause. His friends and supporters in the United States are as numerous as the oppressors and despisers of the colored population—constituting the great, the wealthy, the powerful, as well as the inferior classes. When he shall have stood forth, almost single-handed, for a series of years, against and in the midst of a nation of oppressors, and been branded with every epithet that malice could invent or ingenuity apply, and incarcerated in the cell of a prison, and had large rewards offered for his destruction by private combinations and legislative bodies, for his advocacy of

the cause of negro emancipation; he may then, I think you will all agree, with far greater propriety urge his claims upon your sympathy, than while he is receiving the puffs and compliments of a great and popular party in his own country. I cherish not the least personal animosity toward that gentleman. I am sure that I can heartily forgive him as often as he wrongs me.

Sorry am I for his own sake—sorry for the sake of the cause of truth—that the health of Mr. Cresson, according to his own statement, disqualifies him from meeting me in a public discussion of the principles and operations of his darling scheme, although it enables him to hold *ex parte* meetings in favor of that scheme, *ad libitum*; nay, more—he can even take the lead publicly in the formation of a British Colonization Society, and make a long speech, (although it is declared that it has no connexion with the American Colonization Society,) at the very moment he assigns his utter physical inability as a reason why he cannot hold a discussion with me, or with my gifted and eloquent friend, George Thompson, Esq. (Hear, hear!) He has my best wishes for the complete restoration of his health.

Mr. Cresson says he deprecates an angry discussion. So do I. Whichever of the disputants loses his temper, he will certainly be the sufferer. He has not been called by me to an angry discussion, but to a candid, magnanimous and calm discussion.

Mr. Cresson is constantly descanting, in the most lugubrious and pathetic manner, both publicly and privately, respecting the persecution and abuse which he has received in almost every part of England. In one of his speeches at Edinburgh, he declared that ‘when he should be restored to his own country, he should reflect that in Scotland he found kindness, and in Scotland ONLY.’ And this, Mr. Chairman, his return for the kind hospitality and the liberal assistance which have been extended to him by the people of England? Having fed at their tables, secured their confidence, and obtained their money, is the end of his career to be marked by the addition of insult to injury? (Hear!) He has published to the world the invidious charge that ‘in Scotland ONLY, has he found kindness; but dare he venture again into Scotland?’ Is he willing to return to Edinburgh, and once more test the kindness of its enlightened inhabitants? I make him an offer—I will go with him to that beautiful city, and, although he has the advantage over me by a pre-occupancy of the ground, if in one week I do not secure ten supporters to his one, I will instantly leave this country. But no—he will not return: his health, if no other cause, will keep him in exile from his Edinburgh friends!

Sir, who are Elliott Cresson’s persecutors? Against whom has he brought the charge of bearing malice in their hearts toward him? Sure I am that the mention of their names will excite the smiles of this assembly. Excite their smiles, did I say? Let me rather say, their strongest indignation! He who has given the noblest proofs of his devotion to the cause of negro emancipation—whose time, and talents, and wealth, are all consecrated to the destruction of slavery—who is conferring upon this meeting the honor of presiding as chairman—JAMES CROPPER is one of Mr. Cresson’s persecutors! (Cheers.) And who does Mr. Cresson next brand with the epithet *persecutor*? That most eminent and most venerable philanthropist, whose merits transcend the language of eulogy—ZACHARY MACAULAY is a persecutor! Whose name comes next on his criminal calendar? A name that cannot die—a name around which cluster the best associations of philanthropy and true greatness—THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON! And Mr. Cresson, on the principles which govern his conduct, may now rank among his persecutors another noble spirit, whose fame is as widely diffused as the air of heaven—WILLIAM WILBERFORCE; for he regards the doctrines and operations of the American Colonization Society as corrupt, proscriptive and disastrous. (Cheers.) I had a long and delightful interview with him, a few days since, at Bath; and he assured me that, although from the glowing representations which had been made to him respecting the flourishing condition of Liberia, he had been led to express his gratification at its success; yet he repeatedly told Mr. Cresson that he could hold no fellowship with that unchristian principle of the American Colonization Society which seemed to be a fundamental one—namely, that the whites and blacks could never live on terms of amity and equality in the United States.

I hold in my hand a paper, containing some queries which were dictated by Mr. WILBERFORCE, and taken down by his son in my presence, to which he wishes distinct replies. These I will read, by your permission:

1. How far has Mr. Elliott Cresson made use of Mr. Wilberforce’s name? Has he merely stated that Mr. Wilberforce approved of the colony as calculated to benefit Africa; or has he said that Mr. Wilberforce approves of the principle of the SOCIETY—namely, that the blacks ought to be removed for the advantage of America, as well as for their own?

2. Did Mr. Cresson (aware that it must be considered as the fundamental principle of the American Colonization Society, that there is a difficulty, amounting to a moral impossibility, in the blacks and whites living together in prosperity and harmony, as members of the same free community) make it clear to those to whom he professed to state Mr. Wilberforce’s sentiments, that the two classes MIGHT AND OUGHT TO LIVE TOGETHER, as one mutually connected and happy society?

3. Has Mr. Elliott Cresson made it publicly known in England, that the American Colonization Society has declared that it considers that colonization ought to be a sine qua non of emancipation?

Let Mr. Cresson answer these questions. In reply to the two last, I will venture to assert that he has never made it publicly known, either that Mr. WILBERFORCE maintained that the whites and blacks might and ought to live together as one mutually connected and happy society, or that the American Colonization Society has declared that it considers that colonization ought to be a sine qua non of emancipation; and, consequently, that he is receiving the puffs and compliments of a great and popular party in his own country.

There yet remains another champion of the negro race, who though named the last is not the least, and whom, I have the strongest faith to believe, Mr. Cresson may very shortly rank

among his persecutors—I allude to THOMAS CLARKSON. (Hear, hear.) It is true, this venerable philanthropist has expressed his approbation of the American Colonization Society. Why has he done so? Recollect that he is now totally blind, and hence he is compelled to take many things upon trust. That Mr. Cresson has imposed upon his generous confidence is evident from these two facts:—The American Colonization Society (as I shall show before I close my remarks) has from its organization disclaimed any intention of seeking emancipation, either directly or indirectly—either immediate or gradual. And yet the excellent CLARKSON, in his letter of December 1st, 1831, addressed to Mr. Cresson, makes this declaration:

This Society seems to me to have two objects in view—first, TO ASSIST IN THE EMANCIPATION OF ALL THE SLAVES NOW IN THE UNITED STATES; and, secondly, by sending these to Africa, to do away the slave trade, and promote civilization among the natives there.

But the deception ends not here. The Secretary of the American Colonization Society copied a large portion of Mr. CLARKSON’s letter into its organ, the African Repository; but, instead of giving Mr. CLARKSON’s own words as to his views of the objects of the Society, he makes an entirely new version of Mr. CLARKSON’s language thus:

He [Clarkson] considers the object of the Society twofold; first, TO PROMOTE THE VOLUNTARY EMIGRATION TO AFRICA OF THE COLORED POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES; and second, the suppression of the slave trade, and the civilization of the African tribes.—African Repository for November, 1832.

Here, then, is palpably a double fraud—first, on the part of Mr. Cresson, and next on the part of the Secretary of the American Colonization Society. The motive for garbling Mr. CLARKSON’s letter in the United States, was unquestionably to prevent an impression in the slaveholding States that the Society was designed to promote the abolition of slavery. I will only add that the detection of this fraud has created the utmost indignation in the United States, and lost the Society many of its supporters.

Mr. Chairman, I will not stop to dwell upon the singular modesty and good sense of an individual who converts the well grounded opposition of great and good men to the principles and operations of the American Colonization Society, into a persecution of his own person. Mr. Cresson is a respectable gentleman, but he vastly overrates his own dignity and importance, in supposing that he is an object of persecution.

Sir, we will lose sight of that gentleman, and come directly to the object of this meeting, viz. a delineation of American slavery and the American Colonization.

I cherish as strong a love for the land of my nativity as any man living. I am proud of her civil, political and religious institutions—of her high advancement in science, literature and the arts—of her general prosperity and grandeur. But I have some solemn accusations to bring against her.

I accuse her of insulting the majesty of heaven with the grossest mockery that was ever exhibited to man—inasmuch as, professing to be the land of the free and the asylum of the oppressed, she falsifies every profession, and shamelessly plays the tyrant.

I accuse her, before all nations, of giving an open, deliberate and base denial to her boasted Declaration, that ‘all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.’

I accuse her of disfranchising and proscribing nearly half a million free people of color, acknowledging them not as countrymen, and scarcely as rational beings, and seeking to drag them thousands of miles across the ocean on a plea of benevolence, when they ought to enjoy all the rights, privileges and immunities of American citizens.

I accuse her of suffering a large portion of her population to be lacerated, starved and plundered, without law and without justification, at the will of petty tyrants.

I accuse her of trafficking in the bodies and souls of men, in a domestic way, to an extent nearly equal to the foreign slave trade; which traffic is equally atrocious with the foreign, and almost as cruel in its operations.

I accuse her of legalizing, on an enormous scale, licentiousness, fraud, cruelty and murder.

I accuse her of the horrid crime of kidnapping one hundred thousand infants annually, the offspring of slave parents.

I accuse her of stealing the liberties of two millions of the creatures of God, and withholding the just recompense of their labor; of ruthlessly invading the holiest relations of life, and cruelly separating the dearest ties of nature; of denying these miserable victims necessary food and clothing for their perishable bodies, and light and knowledge for their immortal souls; of tearing the husband from his wife, the mother from her babe, and children from their parents, and of perpetrating upon the poor and needy every species of outrage and oppression.

And, finally, I accuse her of being callously indifferent to the accumulated and accumulating wrongs and sufferings of her black population, assiduous in extenuating her oppressive acts, and determined to slumber upon the brink of a volcano which is in full operation, and which threatens to roll its lava tide over the whole land.

These are my allegations. And what is the defence which she puts forth? It is even as one has said, who never speaks upon the subject of liberty but he ‘showers words of weight and fire’—I mean the distinguished and eloquent O’CONNELL. (Cheers.) In one of his speeches, he thus alludes to the miserable defence of the United States for their robberies and crimes:

I come now to America, the boasted land of freedom, and here I find the slavery which they only tolerate but extend, justified and defended as a legacy left them by us!—It is too true. But I would say unto them!—You threw off the allegiance you owed us because you thought we were oppressing you with the Stamp Act. You boasted of your deliverance from slavery. On what principle, then, do you continue to hold your fellow men in bondage, and render that bondage even more galling by ringing in the ears of the sufferers from your tyranny, what you have done, what you have suffered for freedom? They may reply by referring to the slavery we have established and encouraged. But what would be thought of that man

who should attempt to justify the crime of sheep-stealing, by alleging that another stole sheep too? Would defence be listened to? O, no! And I will convey it to you almost as swift as the winds—that God understands you; that you are hypocrites, traitors, and unjust men; that you are hypocrites, tyed up boasting of your liberties and your privilages, while you continue to treat men redeemed by the same blood, as the mere creatures of your will; for while you do so, there is a stain upon your national wash out.” \* \* \* \* “ Of all men living, an American citizen who is the owner of slaves is the most despicable: he is a political hypocrite of the very worst description.” \* \* \* \* “ The friends of humanity and

of sheep-stealers too! Would you not? And I will tell the press what the winds—that hypocrites, tykes, degraded, not to stand in your privilege, seemed by the will; for your national frantic cannot most despicably worst demean our cry of base wretches, how much freedom, with the present chains and

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## LITERARY.

## REST—SWEET REST.

*To the Editor the Liberator:*

SIR.—The following lines are the substance of a conversation held with an aged man of color, a few weeks ago, who was longing to be at rest. His trembling voice and faltering tongue gave proof that he would soon be in possession of that rest which remains “for the people of God.” I have thrown it into rhyme, adapted to the tune, ‘SWEET HOME,’ hoping it might be the means of doing some good in the cause to which you are so ardently devoted. If you think them worthy a place in your paper, you are at liberty to insert them; if not, throw them under your table.’

## THE OLD MAN’S REST.

My rest is on high. How I long to be there,  
Away from temptation, from sorrow and care;  
Where waves of oppression shall never more roll,  
But peace, like a river, shall flow through my soul!

## Rest, Sweet Rest!

Where the wicked cease from troubling, the weary  
are at rest.

I long to sit down with my Saviour at home,  
Where the white man ne’er rages—the lash never  
comes;

Where the finger of scorn ne’er is pointed at one,  
Who’s made in the image of God’s only son,

## Rest, Sweet Rest!

Where the wicked cease from troubling, the weary  
are at rest.

I have seen the poor slave writhe under the stroke,  
And heard him cry ‘Mercy!’ and Heaven invoke;  
No mercy was there in the white man’s steeled  
breast—

‘O, God! I have said, then, ‘prepare Thou a rest!

## Rest, Sweet Rest!

Where the wicked cease from troubling, the weary  
are at rest.

I have said, ‘O that I had the wings of a dove!’  
I would fly from oppression to heaven above;  
But checked in my wanderings, I rather will say,  
The days thou appointest, I cheerfully stay.

## Rest, Sweet Rest!

Where the wicked cease from troubling, the weary  
are at rest.

AMELIA.  
*Boston, Sept. 26, 1833.*

## MARY MAGDALEN.

## BY BRYANT.

BLESSED, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted!  
The crowd are pointing at the thing forlorn,

In wonder and in scorn!

Thou weepest days of innocence departed;  
Thou weepest, and thy tears have power to move

The Lord to pity and love.

The greatest of thy follies is forgiven,  
Even for the least of all the tears that shine

On that pale cheek of thine.

Thou didst kneel down to him who came from heaven  
Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise

Holy, and pure, and wise.

It is not much, that to the fragrant blossom  
The ragged brier should change, the bitter fir  
Distil Arabian myrrh;

Nor that, upon the wintry desert’s bosom,  
The harvest should rise plenteous, and the swain  
Bear home the abundant grain.

But come and see the bleak and barren mountains  
Thick to their tops with roses; come and see

Leaves on the dry, dead tree;

The perished plant, set out by living fountains,  
Grows fruitful, and its bounteous branches rise,  
Forever, towards the skies.

[From the Providence Literary Journal.]

## THE COMPARISON.

## TO MARY.

The lovely lily of the vale,  
So elegantly fair,

Whose sweets perfume each fragrant gale,  
To Mary I compare.

What though on earth it lowly grows,

And strives its head to hide:

Its sweetness far outvies the rose

That flaunts with conscious pride.

The costly tulip owes its hue

To many a gaudy stain:

In this, we see the virgin white

Of innocence remain.

But mark—the FLORIST sees it bloom

In loneliness, alone;

And to preserve and cherish it,

Transplants it, as his own.

Then, while it sheds its sweets around,

Fresh glows each blooming grace:

Enraptured how its owner stands,

And views its lovely face.

But pray, dear Mary, now observe

The inference of this tale—

MAY THE FLORIST BE—and thou

MY LILY OF THE VALE.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

## SUMMER RECOLLECTIONS.

T is sweet—it is sweet—the summer dream

That haunts us in our winter hours:

The murmur’d music of a stream,

The voice of birds—the breath of flowers,

And the warm breeze that lightly heaves

The waters, and the whispering leaves.

There is a dream more sadly sweet,

When summer years of youth return;

And hearts, that we no more may meet,

As fondly beat, as truly burn,

And eyes weep back to us awhile,

The sadness of their parting smile.

It comes, like music heard at night,

Like dew upon the drooping flowers,

Like morn’s first dawning to their sight

Who darkly dwell in icy bower,

To him who long hath felt depart,

The light of hope and bloom of heart.

Not yet—not yet the summer bloom

Of my young heart has died away;

There is a twilight in the gloom,

A lingering smile—a farewell ray,

A hope of rapture, kindling yet,

A halo from the sun that’s set!

## SLAVERY.

Ah me, what wish can prosper or what prayer,  
For merchants rich in cargoes of despair?

Who drive a loathsome traffic, guage and span,  
And buy the muscles, and the bones of man.

Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,  
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of heaven:

Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled,—

Her name, her nature, withered from the world.

CAMPBELL.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## GREAT TEMPERANCE MEETING AMONG THE HOTENTOTS.

The politeness of the Rev. Dr. Phillips, of London, enables us to furnish, from the columns of the South African Commercial Advertiser, dated Cape Town, (Cape of Good Hope,) Jan. 3, 1833, a most interesting account of the first anniversary of the Kat River Temperance Society, held on the 11th of December last.

On this occasion, about seven hundred persons attended, most of whom had travelled several miles from the surrounding locations, notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather. Among these, besides the resident Hottentots, were many Caffers, Mantatees, Umlipusas, Ghonaquas, and parties of other broken Frontier tribes. A volunteer detachment of the Hottentot corps, from the military post, were also present. These having obtained permission from the commanding officer, had set out before sunrise, and walked into Philpott, a distance of 18 miles, in order to assemble with their countrymen on the occasion. The place of meeting, unfortunately could not, at the utmost, contain more than 500 individuals, so that great numbers were compelled to remain without; and although it rained nearly the whole time, the open doors and windows were constantly crowded with dark countenances, bent eagerly forward to catch the words of the speakers.

The meeting lasted six hours, and during that time the chair was addressed by no less than twenty-three native speakers. The object of most of them was to give facts from their own experience, illustrative of the evils of intemperance. One had his arm broken, another had been run over by a wagon, and a third had lost his wife. Some told, with expressions of the deepest contrition, of crimes and excesses which drink had led them to commit; and others described the delight they felt from having shaken off their old habits, and publicly declared their determination to abide by the resolutions they had formed. Nor were those resolutions formed one moment too soon.

It appeared to have been a general and growing practice, before the establishment of the society, to carry all kinds of produce, and especially the hides of cattle slaughtered on the settlement, to a neighboring Fort to exchange for spirits! And a shocking inference may be drawn from the glee with which some of the speakers declared that, after disposing of their goods, they had actually returned of late with money in their pockets. The great interest manifested by the natives in the temperance cause seems to be hailed, and not without evident good reasons, by the benevolent and intelligent men of all classes in the colony, as a movement of the deepest interest. ‘It is impossible,’ says the editor of the Advertiser, ‘to look at their lovely valleys, waving, at this moment, with an abundant harvest—to trace the numberless, well planned and extensive water-courses which traverse the sides of their bright green hills in every direction—and to observe their eagerness to obtain the means of instruction for themselves and children, without a feeling of triumphant exultation in the efficacy of that barrier which the friends of humanity have succeeded in interposing between them and the food which but so lately threatened their destruction.’

DEATH OF REV. LEMUEL HAYNES.

This eminent servant of God, died in Granville, N. Y. on the 28th of September, aged 80 years. He was born in Hartford, Conn., and brought up in a pious family in Granville, in this State. He was there converted and when he was about 27 years old, he began the work of the ministry. He preached five years in Granville, Mass.—about three years in Torringford, Conn.—nearly or quite thirty years in Rutland, Vt.—about three years in Manchester, Vt. and eleven years in the place where he died.

We shall never forget the man who is the subject of this notice. We have seen him in the pulpit and at his own house and amidst his family, and we can truly say he seemed ever like a man of God. There was something peculiarly touching in the manner in which he invited sinners to the only refuge. He was original in his ideas—gentle in his reproaches and powerful in his rebukes. His talents at satire was prodigious, and when he found it necessary to employ it, his opponents would shrink away before him and leave him master of the field. His discourse on universal salvation preached immediately after the conclusion of a sermon by Hosea Ballou, in his own pulpit, is a wonderful illustration of this remark.

Mr. Haynes was beloved by all the friends of God, and we have seen the tears flow from many eyes while listening to his addresses in the religious conference. As he resided for 30 years, within six miles of our native place, we were permitted to hear him frequently, and were always instructed and edified.

But he is gone—gone to rest ‘in his glory.’ May his mantle fall on some other, whose voice shall utter the warning of Jehovah as fearlessly as his in the ears of the impenitent! We know of many who will own him at the last day as their spiritual father.

But Mr. Haynes was a man of color. Had he not, therefore, a mind like that of other men? Let those who listened to his thrilling eloquence, answer! He suffered much in consequence of cruel prejudice against those of his color, but he never complained. He was a spirit which soared above such things. He knew there was a heaven of joy where differences of color would not exist, or if they did, it would be no hindrance to the intimate union of saints.

His love to the Saviour was supreme. He said while his family surrounded his bed of death, ‘I love my wife—I love my children—but I love my Saviour better than all.’

And did not his Saviour love him, and fulfil his promise to him, ‘I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice and your joy no man taketh from you?’

In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth.’

And with reference to the manner, the following notice was had:

‘He spake and it was done; he commanded and it stood fast.’

Mr. Orr cannot disprove the assertion, nor imitate the sententious brevity of the account.

—U. S. Gazette.

*Miseries of Sickness.*—It is to wake up in the morning, get half dressed and go to bed again. It is to see your servant enter with your boots nicely polished, and to feel that his labor has been bootless. It is to have the whole family rush into your room screaming ‘What is the matter?’ It is to see your doctor take his lancet out of his jacket pocket, and approach you with sanguinary intentions. It is to have your windpipe choked with pills, and your palate spoiled with potions. It is to have your eyes filled with camphor, and your nose with harts-horn. It is to answer the same question fifty times a day, and to see the faces of all your friends, dressed for the occasion, in sympathetic sadness. It is to be fed with a spoon, and to wax lean upon panada. It is to have the cat jump upon your bed, and parade leisurely about, without your being able to throw her out of the window. It is to have some dissipated old musketeer make a banquet from your nose, and be too feeble to hit him. It is to have your beard grow until you look like the he-goat of Schreckorn. And finally, if you die, it is to be spoken well of by every body, and to have your name misprinted in the newspapers.

*National Mementos.*—In the English House of Lords, the Lord Chancellor is seated on a wool sack, that the importance of the woollen manufacture, the great staple of that country, may be indelibly impressed on the public mind.

When the first Congress met after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, it was in contemplation, but afterwards abandoned, to have the seats of each delegation wrought with some device, descriptive of the staples of their several States, viz:

New Hampshire to be represented by a pine tree.

Massachusetts, by a barrel of fish.

Rhode Island, a hamper of cheese.

Connecticut, an ox.

New-York, a hogshead of flaxseed.

New-Jersey, a bundle of flax.

Pennsylvania, a bag of wheat.

Delaware, a bag of wool.

Maryland, pig and bar iron.

Virginia, a hogshead of tobacco.

North Carolina, a barrel of tar.

South Carolina, a bag of cotton.

Georgia, a barrel of rice.—Atlas.

*BRUTALITY.*—We witnessed, yesterday afternoon, 23d inst., an instance of savage barbarity, the perpetrator of which shall have all the benefit that the notoriety of his abominable act may bring. In passing from Third to Fourth-street, we perceived a young colored boy, standing by a pump near the corner of the latter street and Willing’s-alley, covered with blood, which he was endeavoring to wash away from his face, but without avail, the sanitary stream continuing to run, bubbling rapidly from his mouth and nose. On inquiring the cause of his distress, we learned that he belonged to a school of colored children in Willing’s-alley, and that the ‘master,’ for some trifling misdemeanor, had struck him, several times in the face, with a hard and heavy flogger. The marks of this infamous cruelty were painfully manifest in his visage: his eyes were discolored, his lips and cheeks ridged and swollen, and his whole appearance betokened severe suffering. The name of the wretch who committed this excessive outrage, if we understood aright the broken words of the boy, is Edward Ritchie.—Phil. Gaz.

*LITTLE ROCK, Sept. 25.—Daring Murder.*

—Extract of a letter to the Editor, dated

Hot Springs